

The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinks I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,

Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge.
These wrongs vnspokeable past patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you *Romaines*?
Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beate forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbeleuing *Moore*,
To be adiudge some direfull slaughtring death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.

Lucius. Thanks gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,

of Titus Andronicus

But gentle people giue me ayme
For nature puts me to a heauie ta
Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw
To shed obsequious teares vpon
Oh take this warme kisse on thy
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy
The last true duties of thy noble

Marcus. Teare for teare, and
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on
Oh were the summe of these that
Countlesse and infinite, yet woul

Lucius. Come hither boy com
To melt in showers, thy Grandf
Many a time he daunst thee on l
Sung thee a sleepe, his louing br
Many a matter hath he told to th
Meete and agreeing with thine i
In that respect then, like a louing
Shed yet some sinall drops from
Because kind nature doth require
Friends should associate friends i
Bid him farewell, commit him to
Doe them that kindnes, and take

Puer. Oh Grandfire, Grandf
Would I were dead so you did li
O Lord I cannot speake to him
My teares will choake me if I op

Romaine. You sad *Andronicus*
Giue sentence on this execrable
That hath beene breeder of thes

Lucius. Set him breast deepe i
There let him stand and raue an
If any one releues or pitties him
For the offence he dies, this is ou

But